996 346 (192) This is a 'singsing nothing' (hongwaiiju). It seems to be a ceremonial anger, for in a very few minutes I am told "he no got cross now", but the singsing keeps on in two groups, both singing different songs.

"Sowinambi comes up to me, taps his chest, and says, 'enji korumpé' (my sib). There are two hand prints on the first kwaté as high as a man can reach. These were made by Sowinambi who put black paint on his hands and left his prints, right and left--one hand for Waskuk, one for Bangus. [177] (This is an innovation introduced by finish-timers who have signed contracts with their fingerprints.)

"In the center of the new structure there are three wooden slat beds. Around one are gathered a half a dozen men who are holding a small ritual. There are three men who stand out as leaders: War, Sowinambi, and Hogwet, [539] representing the Rambine, Wenyebonkura, and Duwus sibs respectively. Each of these three takes a turn and sing-speaks as fast as he can until he forgets, or gets tongue-tied, or stops. War and Hogwet throw themselves [535] into it more than Sowinambi who stands quietly. The former two dance and [533] sway and gesticulate as they lead. The others and a few sitting close by on logs sing the owi chorus. In the midst of this some of the 'finish timers' and older men are indulging in a little rough horseplay consisting of sprinkling lime over the singlets or bare chests of each other. Old wrinkled 'leatherneck' greets a middle aged man whom he sees sitting on a log, by approaching him and rubbing his limegourd on the other's jaw. The gesture is returned. Men are sitting in the house tamberan on sticks or logs because the ground is still soft and muddy. It has not been packed down by many feet as in the older house tamberans.

"At about two P.M. the sun breaks through the heavy fog which has held through the morning. Sowinambi passes the word for food to be brought.